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O. PALMER,
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TORRID ZONE BURSTS.

PAST WEEK HAS BEEN A RECORD BREAKER.

Mercury Climbs Up and Peeps Over the Top of the Glass—Many Deaths and Prostrations Reported—Crops in Many States Burning Up.

HOTTEST IN Years.—There is not much in the way of weather that the United States cannot dash up in the course of twenty-four hours. Indeed, coincidentally there may be every conceivable variety fashioned into a sort of meteorological mosaic, making up what may be styled one unified aggregation of universal climates. As a matter of fact the American weather nowadays is not, strictly speaking, weather at all; it is an assortment of samples, no sample warranted to "hold." According to former rules of computation and averaging it should be intensely hot down South; whereas the region of the magnolia has been deliciously cool, refreshed by abundant and frequent rains, with now and then a delicate, barely perceptible pinch of frost in the air. In New York, where a reasonable degree of heat would have been admitted, but cool breezes were normal, all records have been broken for hot May weather.

While New York was sweltering in this way Colorado had lost herself in eight or ten inches of snow. While Texas was being deluged with rain Indiana was burning up with drought. Other sections plied for a patter of rain upon corn leaf and wheat ear, and a cloud burst came along to drown out a part of Nebraska. Now all this is indicative of bad management somewhere. The distribution is performed in a bungling, incompetent manner. This business of turning on a burning glass where the earth is already parched and the people baking, emptying clouds into lakes, and sending a surplus of rain into a State that has an instinctive aversion to water, has been carried to a stupid excess. It is time a stop were ordered.

Record for the Week Appalling.

Tuesday's torridity was the climax of a hot week that broke the record of twenty-five years. In Chicago, every day the mercury climbed up to the 90 mark, and several times took a peep over the top of the glass. Not since the bureau began regulating the weather had the corresponding week let loose so much caloric. The excessive heat was due to the south wind, the scorching breath from some Mexican inferno that so often sweeps across Kansas and Nebraska, leaving death, destruction and mourning in its track. The record shows a remarkably high temperature from an early hour and a striking drop during a shift in the wind.

Chicago did not get the worst of the heat, for at Indianapolis, Louisville and Charleston, S. C., the thermometer registered 100, marking the first century record of the season. It was 98 at Washington and Norfolk, Va. The maximum of 96 was reached at Detroit, St. Louis, Springfield, Ill., Cairo, Nashville, Memphis and Cincinnati. In New York, as usual, played a second to Chicago, with only 94. Boston had a lucky day, having a sea wind which kept the record down to 60. At 7 o'clock at night Ohio and eastern Indiana were still sweltering under a temperature of 96 to 92.

The Rocky Mountain region was enjoying compensation for the suffering of last week. Beyond Iowa and Minnesota the temperature was down to 60 or below. In Colorado and Wyoming it even went as low as 50. There were general rains, with more or less thunder, in Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, and those sections will probably get more showers later. This is likely to prove the longest spell of wet weather in the arid section of the West for many years. Calais and Nashville also reported showers.

Government correspondents sent in the following as the highest marks for Monday:

Athens.....	88 Little Rock.....	64
Bismarck.....	82 Louisville.....	64
Boston.....	60 Marchette.....	62
Buffalo.....	74 Memphis.....	66
Chevyenne.....	66 McAllen.....	66
Chicago.....	66 Milwaukee.....	65
Cincinnati.....	96 Minnedosa.....	65
Davenport.....	72 Monroe.....	50
Denver.....	92 New Orleans.....	50
Des Moines.....	84 Omaha.....	52
Dodge City.....	84 Oregon.....	50
Duluth.....	60 Pierre.....	45
El Paso.....	84 Pittsburg.....	45
Galesburg.....	84 Port Huron.....	45
Grand Haven.....	84 Rapid City.....	45
Green Bay.....	78 St. Louis.....	56
Huron.....	68 St. Paul.....	56
Indiansapolis.....	100 Salt Lake City.....	56
Jacksonville.....	92 Sioux City.....	70
Knoxville.....	92 Springfield, Ill.....	90
La Crosse.....	96 Toledo.....	88
	88 Washington.....	92

Many cases of sunstroke are reported. In New York it is safe to say that at least twenty-five persons have died during the last five days as a result of the heated tem., and that over 150 have been prostrated and taken to the different hospitals of the city. In Chicago four persons died Monday from sunstroke and many others overcome by heat will not recover. Philadelphia reports seven deaths and nearly fifty prostrations as Monday's addition to the heated term fatalities, while Baltimore and Pittsburgh each record four fatal cases.

The mean temperature for May from 1871 to 1895 is shown in the following table:

1871.....58	1880.....65	1888.....53
1872.....59	1881.....61	1889.....57
1873.....58	1882.....58	1890.....55
1874.....58	1883.....58	1891.....55
1875.....54	1884.....53	1892.....52
1876.....55	1885.....53	1893.....52
1877.....55	1886.....57	1894.....50
1878.....55	1887.....60	1895.....52
1879.....58		

The highest notch reached during May, 1895, was 94 degrees, the lowest being 32 degrees. On seventeen days the temperature was above normal, and on fourteen it was below normal. The weather has been more freshish during May this year than in twenty-five years before. On four days—May 4, 29, 30 and 31—the records were smashed, the mercury beating its competitors in former years.

Crop Burning Up.—The most serious condition which ever confronted the farmers of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan reigns in many localities, and every crop is threatened by serious danger—wheat, corn, oats and hay. There has been less than half the usual rainfall this year, and many of the smaller streams are now dry, while wells and cisterns have been dry for weeks. The hot wave of this week has made the condition more alarming. So long as it was cool the growing vegetation held its color, but under the influence of

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the sun and wind of this week vegetation of all kinds is withering. Many of the meadows are already in August brown. The blue grass pasture will not much longer afford grazing for the cattle, the farmers say, and the wheat and corn are both in danger of being destroyed.

RUIN IN MEDICINE VALLEY.

The Dreadful Effect of the Flood Plainly Discernible.

Death and destruction rushed hand in hand down Medicine Valley, Neb., on the crest of a raging flood. Swelled by the heavy rains until its banks could no longer withstand the strain, Curtis Lake burst from its restraint, and Monday's sun shone upon a valley of desolation through southwest Nebraska. Thousands of dollars' worth of rail and property has been destroyed; miles of meadows that covered the earth with a carpet of green are now a muddy waste, dotted with wrecks of buildings and drowned live stock. No lives were lost. Most of the damage is to crops where the fields were flooded.

The first intimation Curtis citizens had that the locality was threatened with disaster was the bursting of the lake's banks with a roar that could be heard several miles, and a wall of water ten feet high rushed down the valley, carrying everything in its path. Houses, freight cars, live stock and a mountain of debris were caught up and dashed about like feathers. The fine roller mills which occupy the east side of the great ravine received the first shock of the torrent and the building was ruined. A few hundred yards below the mills Medicine river passes under the railroad tracks of the Burlington. When the flood struck this narrow defile its progress was impeded, but only for an instant. Then the heavy embankments gave way and the wall of water rushed through, cutting a path 100 yards wide. The railroad company's loss is about \$25,000.

As the wall of water passed beyond the city it rapidly spread out over an immense territory, and its powers of destruction were correspondingly decreased. The damage, however, was nicely shifted, as the extensive alfalfa meadows for many miles to the south were flooded several feet deep, and all details from the south where the torrent passed indicate very extensive damage. Farm products of every description were engulfed and in many instances where the homes of the farmers were in the immediate vicinity of the valley the disaster was almost ruinous. Small buildings were washed away or undermined in such a manner as to be rendered worthless, and in some sections the water rose so rapidly as to seriously menace the lives of families.

FEELS THEIR PULSE.

The New York World Polls Congress on Money Matters.

The New York World publishes a telegraphic poll of the next Congress, as far as obtainable, upon the silver, tariff and income tax questions. The world sums up the results as follows: In a general way it may be said that out of 110 members who gave unequivocal answers to the silver question, fifty-five are unequivocally in favor of free coinage, forty-four favor bimetallism, generally with a proviso of an international agreement. Only seventeen can fairly be classed as favoring a single gold standard, and the attitude of some of these even is not definite. South and far western States are almost unanimous for free coinage. The South Central States are almost unanimous for free coinage. The North Central States lean towards silver, with an international bimetallic qualification and it is only in New York, New England and adjacent Eastern States that there is any avowedly gold standard men.

In regard to the tariff, only twenty-eight members are against all changes, while thirty-five want moderate changes, and thirty-eight are pronounced for radical changes. Few are free traders. Moderates are chiefly those who think changes will be necessary in order to increase the revenue. The income tax question brought out many sharp and piquant answers. Forty-nine Congressmen say they favor the principle of the tax. Forty-seven oppose it. A great many evaded the question or failed to answer it.

A few details by States will be interesting. Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, South Dakota, Virginia, Washington and Wyoming are sold for silver, so far as heard from. The bimetallists are chiefly in Delaware, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Vermont are sold for gold advocates. Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, the Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana and most all other Southern States are sold for the income tax. New York and the East are generally opposed. Elsewhere the division is nearly even.

GRESHAM'S DEATH MASK.

A Perfect Plaster Cast of the Face of the Late Secretary of State.

The plaster cast of the face of the late Secretary Gresham has been completed, and the sculptor U. S. J. Dunbar has made two photographs, giving effective front and side views of the cast. To the man who will be unable to see the face of the dead these pictures will give a strikingly accurate view of the features of the Secretary, calm and peaceful in death, with the lineaments of strength, firmness

and dignity still present.

The President in the beginning of his speech opening the convention. So radically did he express himself that the gold men declared he actually read the President of the United States of the party.

This strain was a popular one. Every time a speaker censured the President the denunciation was echoed by cheers and applause from the body of the convention.

Ex-Congressman William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, took up the denunciation where

Hinchinrichen left off and drove the

convention into a frenzy of enthusiasm by heap-

ing criticism on the head of the national ad-

ministration. Nor did he stop there, for he went down the line of President Cleveland's supporters. Gov. Altgeld followed in the same course, as did ex-

Congressman Andrew J. Hunter. This

deprived the people of free use and benefits of all invaluable and rightous metals, met the demands of debtors and added to the burdens of the people by lowering the value of labor and labor products; and

Whereas, the Constitution of the United States prohibits the minting of anything but gold and silver coin as legal tender for the payment of debts, thereby recog-

nizing that coin composed of silver or of

any other metal to be used as a legal tender, therefore be it

Resolved, By the Democrats of Illinois, in convention assembled, that we are in favor of the standard money of the United States, and de-

mand the free and unlimited coinage of both

metals at the ratio of 16 to 1, without

any limitation of the amount of either nation, and

that such coin shall be a legal tender

for all debts, both public and private, and that

such coin be coined in gold, silver or

any other metal to be used as a legal tender.

Resolved, That the coinage of silver or of

any other metal to be used as a legal tender

be by law legal tender.

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GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

GAINING IN ALL LINES

TIDE OF BUSINESS STEADILY RISING.

Many Missionaries Reported Killed in China—Fire Does Tremendous Damage at the "Cream City"—English Yachts Are Defeated at Sheerness.

Encouraging Trade Reports. R. G. Dun & Co's Weekly Review of Trade says: "The tide of business is rising, even as it was fulling just two years ago, with surprising rapidity. The gain has gone so far and so fast in some branches that the more conservative fear it may not be maintained. But the period of dullness which comes in each market after an unusual rise brings as yet nothing like a corresponding decline. Industries gain much, half or fall back a little and then gain once more. The demand for consumption steadily increases as the employment and wages of the people increase. Demand for money expands, one bank reporting 20 per cent larger in the discounts for the country and another 23 per cent more commercial loans than a year ago, and all but two report some gain. The serious question remains whether the crop will be full enough to sustain a large business, but the worst reports to day are better by far than the estimates recently current."

KILLED BY CHINESE.

Frightful Reports Concerning the Missions at Chengte.

A London cablegram says: A special dispatch from Shanghai says that it is almost certain that a massacre of all the persons connected with the English, French and American missions at Chengte has occurred. Neither men, women nor children have been spared. It is admitted that telegrams have been intercepted by the Government, the object being to conceal the news of the massacre. A French gunboat is en route to Woeng-chang to investigate the report. Chengte is situated in the province of Fei-Chi 14, 100 miles northeast of Pekin. The people composing the population of the city are of a low order. The fact that Chengte is so near Pekin, the seat of the Chinese Government, makes the outrage all the more flagrant. When the news of the massacre arrived in Shanghai a French gunboat was promptly ordered to Weng-chang to investigate. There are several English warships here, but none have been ordered north. The Americans and English will, however, make thorough investigation.

FIRE IN MILWAUKEE.

Property Worth Nearly a Million Dollars Is Destroyed.

Fire early Monday morning, in the center of the Milwaukee, Wis., lumber and tannery district, and only eight blocks from the business center of the city, did \$750,000 damage. At 3 o'clock the flames were under control. Foster's and Uhl's lumber yards, Gulin's tannery, the steamship Raleigh and the steamship Lucy Graham were destroyed. The Schlitz brewery had a narrow escape from being burned. Other shipping was damaged, as was considerable other property in the neighborhood.

GOULD VICTORIOUS.

His Yacht Wins a Prize in the London Regatta.

In a fresh northeaster Howard Gould's twenty-rater Niagara defeated two other yachts of the same class in a race for a prize of \$20 in the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club at Sheerness, England. The Prince of Wales' Britannia and A. B. Walker's Alisa were to have started over the same course in a race for a prize offered for yachts of their class, but the Alisa's main sail split at the gaff and she was compelled to retire.

TO RESCUE PEARY.

Expedition Being Fitted Out to Sail Next Month from St. Johns.

The whaleboat Kite has been chartered at St. John's, N. E., to carry an expedition of ten persons to Greenland to rescue Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer. Emilie Diebitsch, Peary's brother-in-law, will have charge of the party. Mrs. Peary will not accompany the party, but will wait for the return of her husband at St. John's. The Kite is to start about the middle of next month.

Farmer's Wife Burned to Death.

Mrs. Joshua Berry, the wife of a young farmer living northwest of Tipton, Ind., was working in the field Friday and was smoking pipe. A spark from her pipe ignited her clothing, and she ran screaming to the house, which was near. When she reached the house she was enveloped in flames, and all the clothing was burned from her body. She died next morning.

Inciting to Kill the Queen.

The London Times correspondent at Tananarive telegraphs that placards have been secretly affixed to church doors in that place inciting the people to kill the Malagasy queen and premier and to welcome the French.

Are Not for Silver.

The Illinois State Bankers' Association closed its convention at Rock Island after adopting a resolution denouncing the attempt to establish a silver legal tender currency at a ratio of 16 to 1. W. P. Halliday was elected president.

Alfaro Proclaimed Chief.

Gen. Eloy Alfaro has been proclaimed supreme chief of the revolution in Ecuador. He is preparing to leave Nicaragua for Guayaquil.

Chariot Horse Run Away.

One of the teams in the chariot race in the Beverage Wild West Show became frightened and ran away at Decatur, Ind. The driver was thrown against the center pole and received injuries from which he died. A number of other persons were slightly injured.

New Consul for Great Britain.

George Arthur Vanisstett, of the British legation at Munich, has been appointed British consul at Chicago to succeed Col. Hayes-Sadler.

Egan Is Formally Appointed.

In the United States Circuit Court at Portland, Ore., Judge Gilbert signed an order appointing John M. Egan receiver of the Oregon Short Line and Utah Northern Railway and also an order allowing the issue of receivers' certificates to the amount of \$750,000.

President's Baggage Arrives.

All of the baggage of President Cleveland's family arrived Monday at Gray Haven, Barnstable Bay, Mass., accompanied by most of the servants and William Sinclair, the President's steward at the capital. The President's horses also arrived.

BOADED DOWN WITH DEBT.

Cuba Is In No Condition to Pay the Costs of War.

A semi-official statement has been received in Washington from the leaders of the most influential elements in Cuba showing that the war expenditures are becoming so enormous and the sugar and tobacco industries so unprofitable that they believe a general bankruptcy will result from the hard times caused. A portion of the statement concerning the desperate conditions prevalent is as follows: "The war expenses of 1888-89 were paid by Cuba. Spain furnished 212,367 million dollars, nearly \$200,000,000 debt, besides a yearly budget of \$58,000,000 in those ten years. Gen. Lovell declared in the Spanish Cortes that the war expenses had been \$700,000,000, or an average of \$70,000,000 a year. Sugar produced there with slave labor was sold at 6½ cents a pound. Leaf tobacco was sold 100 per cent above to-day's prices. Per contra, sugar sells to-day at 18¢ cents a pound, or 30 per cent below cost of production, and is pressed to its last ditch by German beet sugar. The tobacco industry is ruined beyond redemption by a tariff war. Leaf does not pay the cost of labor at to-day's prices. A \$45,000,000 deficit is the last straw on the camel's back. The budget of 1892-3 was closed with a \$6,000,000 deficit and sugar sold then at 2.62 cents a pound, while this year it sells at 1.80 cents a pound."

COTTON DOING FAIRLY WELL.

Corn Promises Well in the South, but Rain Is Needed.

According to the Government weekly crop report, the warm weather of the past week has been favorable for cotton, which is reported as doing well in Tennessee and Oklahoma, and is improved in Arkansas and North Carolina, though still backward in the last-named State. In Louisiana the stand has been affected by the cool weather of the preceding week, but it has commenced to grow again. In Texas the early part of the week was unfavorable, but the warm weather of the latter part was favorable for cultivation, which was badly needed. The warm weather has also been beneficial to corn, replanting of which over the northern portion of the corn belt has been completed and is coming along well. Reports from Southern States indicate that corn in that section is in excellent condition. In Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and southern Illinois corn will be greatly benefited by rain. Winter wheat is in less promising condition in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Missouri, and rust is appearing in Illinois. It is nearly ready for harvest in Kansas and is heading up Pennsylvania and Maryland. Arkansas and Kentucky report improved condition, and prospects in Oregon are excellent.

FIRE IN THE OIL REGION.

Hunter Run, Pa., the Scene of a Slight Forest Blaze.

The locomotive of a lumber railroad set fire to the woods south near Hunter Run, a small settlement 117 miles southwest of Kane, Pa. As soon as the fire was discovered men were sent to the scene to fight it. A high wind was blowing the greater part of the day and the progress of the flames could not be checked. The fire finally reached the oil property of the Midland Oil Company and threatened it with destruction. When the extent of the fire was realized 200 men were sent to Hunter Run. They fought the fire through Saturday night and all day Sunday before they succeeded in getting it under control. A large number of logs were destroyed and two tanks and two boiler houses of the Midland Oil Company were burned. The fire razed about five square miles of forest.

DUPPLICATES OF COLUMBIAN BELL.

They Will Be Presented to Russia and the United States.

The Columbian Liberty Bell Committee of New York is in receipt of a letter from Clinton R. Breckinridge, United States minister to Russia, in which he asks for a full description and photograph of the great Columbian liberty and peace bell for Mr. Berthaud, the Russian artist, who is charged with making a design of the "Bell of the Peace" that is to be presented, as the result of a popular movement of the people of Russia, to the people of France.

Race for the Pennant.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

Clubs	Played	Won	Lost	cent
Pittsburg	39	25	14	.641
Chicago	40	24	16	.600
Boston	32	19	13	.593
Cleveland	37	21	16	.568
Baltimore	32	18	14	.563
Cincinnati	38	21	17	.553
New York	36	19	17	.528
Philadelphia	35	18	17	.514
Brooklyn	35	16	19	.497
Washington	36	15	21	.477
St. Louis	39	15	24	.388
Louisville	35	6	29	.171

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the Western League:

Clubs	Played	Won	Lost	cent
Indianapolis	32	23	9	.719
Minneapolis	30	18	12	.600
Grand Rapids	32	18	14	.563
Milwaukee	35	17	18	.496
Kansas City	33	15	18	.435
St. Paul	32	13	19	.406
Detroit	30	12	18	.400
Toledo	32	12	20	.375

FORMOSA REPUBLIC DEAD.

The republic proclaimed in Formosa has collapsed and President Tang has escaped. The Chinese forces in North Formosa are disorganized at the approach of the Japanese.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime,

\$3.75 to \$5.00; hogs, shipping grades,

\$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50

to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 76¢ to 77¢;

corn, No. 2, 50¢ to 51¢; oats, No. 2, 29¢

to 30¢; rye, No. 2, 65¢ to 67¢; butter,

choice creamy, 16¢ to 18¢; eggs, fresh,

11¢ to 12¢; potatoes, car lots, per bushel,

45¢ to 65¢; broom corn, per lb, common

growth to fine brush, 4¢ to 7¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to

\$4.75; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$4.75;

wheat, No. 2, 50¢ to 55¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32¢

to 38¢; rye, No. 2, 65¢ to 68¢.

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corn, No. 2, 50¢ to 51¢; oats, No. 2, 29¢

to 30¢; rye, No. 2, 65¢ to 67¢; butter,

choice creamy, 16¢ to 18¢; eggs, fresh,

11¢ to 12¢; potatoes, car lots, per bushel,

45¢ to 65¢; broom corn, per lb, common

growth to fine brush, 4¢ to 7¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$3.00; hogs,

\$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.50;

wheat, No. 2 red, 76¢ to 77¢; corn, No. 2, 50¢ to 55¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢ to 38¢; rye, No. 2, 65¢ to 68¢.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 84¢ to 85¢;

corn, No. 2 mixed, 50¢ to 51¢; oats, No. 2, 32¢ to 34¢; rye, No. 2, 64¢ to 66¢.

Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$3.00; hogs,

\$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50;

wheat, No. 2 red, 80¢ to 81¢; corn, No. 2, 50¢ to 55¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢ to 38¢; rye, No. 2, 65¢ to 68¢.

New York—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$4.00; hogs,

\$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50;

wheat, No. 2 red, 80¢ to 81¢; corn, No. 2, 50¢ to 55¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢ to 38¢; rye, No. 2, 65¢ to 68¢.

Western, 12¢ to 18¢.

More Saved from Wreck.

A special from the City of Mexico says

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

A circus elephant in Salt Lake got a frog in her throat, but did not croak. On the contrary, the beast recovered.

Mrs. Frank Leslie says she is going abroad "to comfort Lady Wilde." She knows that as a comforter Willie doesn't amount to shucks.

It looks as though the Baltimore Base-ball Club would do well to show off its pennant as much as possible during the rest of this season.

Frances Willard wants to know "why a man should not be just as beautiful as a woman." Well, principally because he isn't built that way, Frances.

George Washington may have been a great and good man, but it must be remembered that he was the first to make the Hessian fly in this country.

If times keep on improving Mrs. Hetty Green will be able to treat herself to three meals a day, with occasional pleasure rides on the Brooklyn street cars.

It is said that Du Maurier gets \$1,000 a week from "Trilby." This will give some faint idea of what he might get from a grateful public if he would support "Trilby."

Ex-President Harrison charged \$15,000 for his services in a will litigation recently. And yet magazine writers are discussing "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?"

The Rev. Dr. Henson, of Chicago, thinks the world would be at peace if it were not for women. Most of the pews in the churches would be vacant if it were not for women.

A Kansas City practical joker found a stranger asleep in a depot and poured a painful cold water down his back. The stranger promptly awoke and thrashed the joker within an inch of his life. Some folks never know how to take a joke, but we are pleased to note that some other folks do.

California now produces nearly all the "genuine Spanish olives" used in this country, and the industry is a very profitable one. Besides being cheaper, the California olives are much better than the foreign variety, and producers of the latter will soon find themselves barred entirely from the American market.

A few nights ago the whole garrison of Paris was mobilized without warning at an hour's notice. Directions were sent at 11 o'clock to have the men ordered out at midnight, ready for war; they were armed, provided with ammunition, and marched through the streets to the different railroad stations within two hours.

Meats to Tempt the Invalid.

The lecture was on meats for invalids, and in the large audience was the entire normal class of the Boston Cooking School. The first thing prepared was a young pigeon. The breast bone can be removed with a small, pointed knife, thus leaving the bird whole for the patient to eat. Have ready a brazier which has been brushed with soft butter; lay the bird perfectly flat, with the legs crossed, brush slightly on both sides with butter. Broil, with the flesh side close to the fire, until it is seared, and then move slowly for about ten minutes. Sprinkle with salt and a little pepper if the physician allows it, and serve on a slice of toast and garnish with parsley.

A slice of porterhouse steak served for the next illustration. There should be at least a half inch edge of fat, the lecturer explained, and the meat should be well veined with fat. Cut off the flank for soup and cut the meat from the upper side of the bone, which is more juicy than the tenderloin; broil this for a few minutes and squeeze out all the juice. Pour this over the tenderloin after it has been broiled, thus supplying the juice that it lacks.

From a thin strip cut from the end of the round the lecturer scraped the entire surface of red meat, leaving only the muscular tissue, which a sick person cannot digest easily. By slightly browning in little balls, about the size of a chestnut, or in wafers of stale bread this is very palatable. These sandwiches are delicious if they are toasted to a light brown.

Instant heat is necessary to keep juices in meat, but to prepare chicken-jelly the juice is to be extracted. Disjoint a fowl, put the pieces in a double boiler with a pint and a half of cold water, and let it heat for two and a half hours, then add a tiny bit of mace, one clove, a little celery and a sprig of parsley. Let this simmer half an hour longer.—Boston Transcript.

Fishing in a Cornfield.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field, which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If anyone will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person riding on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Anyone having sufficient strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether.

Inflammation.
Equal parts of lime water and sweet oil well mixed will form a kind of soap which is very efficacious in taking out or removing inflammation, as well as for healing wounds caused by burns or scalds.

It is a little more than forty years since the name of Florence Nightingale became known to all the world. It was in the midst of the Crimean war, when disease was more fatal than Russian guns to the English soldiery, when, through lack of proper nursing and care and food, thousands of men were dying. Her noble work in saving the

lives of the soldiers and nursing them back to health and strength is more than a twice-told tale, and is known throughout Christendom. It has won for her a fame more enduring than marble, for her name is engraven on the hearts of mankind. Among the noble and eminent women of her time she stands the foremost and the best loved. She has just passed her seventy-fifth birthday, and has received the congratulations of hosts of friends, the Queen being one of the foremost, writing her an autograph letter. The whole world rejoices that she is still with us, and prays that she long may be.

The Legislature of Michigan has just passed a law restoring the penalty of capital punishment for murder. For many years in that State the penalty had been imprisonment for life, and it has not been entirely satisfactory to the people. In successive legislatures attempts had been made to restore the death penalty, but without avail until the present moment. This now leaves Maine, Rhode Island and Wisconsin as the only States where the death penalty may not be enforced. Whether this is advance or retrogression in the social science philosophers may discuss, but it is a noteworthy fact that several of the States, such as New York and Iowa, and now Michigan, after having abolished capital punishment, restored it again after the lapse of some years. Michigan gave the experiment the longest test—one might say a thorough test—for the law has been in force at least a generation. What the statistics show, if there are any affecting the question, does not appear, for they have not been published, but this change, after so long a trial, is significant. It proves that in the popular opinion, the penalty of imprisonment for life is not adequate to the crime. Of course, we all know it is not severity of punishment that deters from crime. When, in the last century and the early part of this, hanging was the penalty for all kinds of crimes in Great Britain, from sheep stealing to murder and treason, it was hangman's harvest all the time. Blackstone enumerates over one hundred and sixty offenses for which the penalty was death, and yet crime was never so prevalent. Nor can it be proved that the death penalty ever held back a single murderer determined on the crime, but there is evidence to show that men have been willing to run the chances of imprisonment for life in order to revenge themselves upon an enemy. There are examples of several most atrocious murders in Michigan and Wisconsin by men who coolly weighed the consequences of their crime. Whether the death penalty would have stopped them or not, no one can say, but in our present state of civilization it is just as well to have it on the statute books. Doubtless it is true, as Sir Henry Wotton long ago remarked, that "hanging is the worst use a man can be put to," but there are cases where it is the only use. It is just as well to have a penalty for the most dreadful of crimes, whereby it will be made certain that the criminal will commit no more.

Meats to Tempt the Invalid.

The lecture was on meats for invalids, and in the large audience was the entire normal class of the Boston Cooking School. The first thing prepared was a young pigeon. The breast bone can be removed with a small, pointed knife, thus leaving the bird whole for the patient to eat. Have ready a brazier which has been brushed with soft butter; lay the bird perfectly flat, with the legs crossed, brush slightly on both sides with butter. Broil, with the flesh side close to the fire, until it is seared, and then move slowly for about ten minutes. Sprinkle with salt and a little pepper if the physician allows it, and serve on a slice of toast and garnish with parsley.

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GOWNS AND GOWNING.

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Saint Glances at Fancies Feminine, Privileges, Mayhem, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Heading May Prove Restful to Worned Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.
New York correspondence:

GODD results have come from the protests of physicians against the use of all-crepe mourning garments, e. v. e. n. now for summer mourning, as worn in the first six months of widowhood, crepe is used rather as an accessory or elaboration of the costume than as the material

for its entire make-up. Time was during the early months of deep mourning it was necessary to let the long veil hang over the face, but medical men were against this, especially in hot weather, and it was unwise from many points of view, so it is no longer imperative. The veil may be of heavy crepe, but silk nun's veiling is preferable. It is so attached to the little bonnet that it can be drawn across the face or allowed to hang permanently there, though as a rule it depends from the back of the bonnet, reaching almost or quite to the foot of the skirt.

For a widow and for the older daughters heavy mourning is expected for six months, and for the former strict taste demands a year of such wear. For her that means black cashmere, crepe or bombazine, a widow's cap and the veil over the face; for the daughter it means all black, of which the crepe forms a part. Bombazine, always accepted as a mourning material, is now especially acceptable because of its vogue under the name of mohair, and because it is the coolest form of black mourning goods to be had.

A suitable model of heavy mourning for a young widow is shown here in the first illustration. The skirt is of bombazine, which takes admirably this

chip trimmed with feathers is worn. Long gloves ought not to be used with deep mourning, the correct method being to have the sleeve come over the wrist of the glove, which for daughters or lighter widow's wear may be of heavy black plique with wide stitching. Very small children are not necessarily put in black, the rule being merely that while the older women of the family are in heavy mourning the children should appear in white as much as possible, and at no time in notably bright colors. Showiness of ornamentation is the worst possible taste, and jewelry and faddish accessories of all kinds being counted among such. The encrusting of crepe with mourning jet is no longer admissible. Parasols come in all crepe with ebony handles for widows in deep mourning, and later black silk ones with lustreless black handles are proper. Black-bordered handkerchiefs are not good form, though a fine black line through the hem is admissible, and a very small monogram may be embroidered on in black.

A very correct and appropriate mourning costume for a young married daughter is of black mohair in summer pattern, and is the subject of the final sketch. Its skirt is in the prevailing pattern, a little wrap front reaching to the waist and cape epaulets cover the shoulders and arms to the elbow. The under cape is of Henrietta cloth, the two over it of pleated chiffon. Two long tabs of crepe and a high crepe collar with crepon rosettes at either side finish the wrap. The bonnet is a little band set far back, trimmed with two mercury loops of crepe and a little feather back of each. This long veil

many fluted pattern, and is deeply bordered at the foot with crepe. The bonnet is trimmed with a little crepe bow set at the front and with the heavy crepe sleeve sweeping to the back. White lawn strings are tied in a formal knot and loops under the chin. Over the shoulders there is a wrap-like bertha of crepe with a deep fall of the finest grade of cashmere. A crepe parasol with dead black jet handle completes the costume, which is especially adapted to warm weather.

A gown that is more in accord with the styles set for ordinary dresses is presented in the next picture. Here the fabric is fine cashmere, the skirt of the prevailing flaring pattern having a very deep border of crepe. The bodice is finished with surplice belting of crepe and with crepe sleeves that slope from the collar and fit closely below the elbow. At the throat there is a folded collar of white crepe. The bonnet is edged with white and made modish by upright bows of crepe. Its heavy veil is not adjustable but hangs from the back of the bonnet to the foot of the skirt. In purchasing crepe it is advisable to select only the best quality, a sort that will not only stand wear, but can be renovated, a process impossible with the cheaper grades.

It is admissible for a bereaved daughter to wear a veil, and at the funeral it should be drawn over the face, but after that it may be drawn back or be omitted altogether. For a girl not yet "out" the long crepe veil is not correct, and fine silk net may be used with a crepe border. This sort of veil may be used, too, by an older daughter when the heavy crepe one is removed. A daughter's heavy mourning may

be more stylish than the wid-

STYLISH AND TASTEFUL.

FEATHERED AND BORDERED.
A new model of a mourning dress is shown here. The skirt is of crepe and is deeply bordered at the foot with feathers. The bodice is trimmmed with a little crepe bow set at the front and with the heavy crepe sleeve sweeping to the back. White lawn strings are tied in a formal knot and loops under the chin. Over the shoulders there is a wrap-like bertha of crepe with a deep fall of the finest grade of cashmere. A crepe parasol with dead black jet handle completes the costume, which is especially adapted to warm weather.

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AN EXCELLENT MODEL FOR SUMMER.

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The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

When John Sherman speaks on any financial topic, he leaves no room for doubt as to where the Republican party stands.

Uncle Sam's gold fund is within about \$800,000 of the \$100,000,000 line now, and the gold importing season is near at hand, too—*Globe Dem.*

The Boston *Herald* cheerfully remarks that "it sounds sort of natural to hear the political pot sizzling in Ohio." It will begin to boil pretty soon, and the Democratic goose will be cooked to rags, as usual.

General Bushnell has been interviewed, and says he is for McKinley for President. Of course he is; so is every other good Ohio Republican.—*Telico Blade.*

Ex-Senator Edmunds calls attention to the fact that silver really demonetized itself. When the act of 1873 was passed, there were no silver dollars in circulation, and in a practical sense they did not exist.—*Globe Dem.*

The managers of the democratic Silver Convention in Illinois took a gang of pick-pockets and other thieves from Chicago to Springfield to steal money to pay the expenses of their convention.

The chairman of the national Populist committee is mad because the Illinois free silver Democrats stole his thunder. He ought to be thankful that he got off so easily. Others lost their watches and wallets at that convention.—*Detroit Journal.*

The entrance to the harbor at Cheboygan is to be widened to 330 feet by moving the south pier 100 ft further south and dredging out the new space between piers. The work is to be commenced at once.

Now to the court of last resort with Judge Long's pension case. If a pension commissioner has as much power as the court of appeals says he has it is time that the pension laws were so amended as to protect the honest pensioner from the assaults of a one-man power.—*Detroit Journal.*

Wheat was worth 81 cents a bushel on the Chicago market yesterday with plenty of buyers, but bar silver sold on a dull market at 66 3/4 cents in New York. How about silver and wheat being "interdependent" and all that sort of thing?—*Detroit Journal.*

The Decoration day speeches this year are above the average of such efforts in point of eloquence, and most of them are notable for the spirit of kindness in which they speak of those who fought on the wrong side—for there was a wrong side, it will not do to forget.—*Globe Dem.*

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Most Perfect Made.**

In order to hold the present fiscal year's deficit down to about \$15,000,000 the administration will put this month's expenditures into next years account, otherwise it is said that the actual deficit for this year would be between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000. "There are tricks in all trades," etc., but the meanest trick of all was in the trade of 1892.—*Detroit Journal.*

When a proper tariff shall be restored, as it will be under the next Republican Administration, so that an adequate revenue shall be obtained and proper protection to domestic industry shall again be assured, confidence will be restored, business will revive and the nightmare produced by "the change" of 1892 will pass away.—*Portland Oregonian.*

MISS JULIA MAGRUDER, whose story of "The Princess Sonia," in the *Century*, is attracting such favorable comment, has given her new novel to *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It is called "The Violet" and deals with the question of second marriage. Mr. C. D. Gibson the illustrator, is making a series of pictures for the novel.

A sack containing the remains of something, was found floating in the lake, near East Tawas, which were covered with quick lime. Dr. Howell, of that city pronounced the remains to be that of a well developed infant, but could not determine the sex. A jury was impaneled and the find declared to be the remains of a bright doctor.—*Detroit Journal.*

Additional Locals.

Mancos has had another big fire destroying \$12,000 worth of staves. No insurance.

Julius Kramer has moved his tailoring establishment into the rooms formerly occupied by Davis' Pharmacy.

Reports from West Michigan fruit growers are more favorable and the prospects are that there will be a fair crop after all.

The Ladies of Alpena, to the number of 170, by uniting in their appeal to the authorities have succeeded in closing up Cigar and Candy stores on Sunday.

Duane Willett, of Vassar, ex-Superintendent of Frederic, was shaking hands with old friends here last week. He is employed by D. Ward in looking after his timber land.

The Grayling Cornet Band is in the throes of dissolution. There was not cohesion enough to enable it to hold a business meeting last Monday evening, and divide up its funds.

The city marshal of Roscommon has been instructed to arrest all children under the age of sixteen, found on the street after 8:30 o'clock, unless accompanied by their parents.

Mrs. D. M. Kneeland, of Lewiston, passed through Grayling, Monday, on her way to Milwaukee, for a visit with her parents, in that city. Many of her friends went to the train to greet her.

A red squirrel climbed to the top of an 80-foot liberty pole at Lewiston and lovingly pressed the American flag to his bosom, yet the citizens were unpatricial enough to kill the poor animal full of buckshot.—*Ez.*

Perry Phelps and wife of Grayling spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends in town. Mr. Phelps still carries crutches as a result of a broken limb but he will soon discard them.—*W. R. Herald-Times.*

The Otsego Co. *Herald* says: "That a Mrs. Cole, from Grayling, a widow lady with two young daughters, has rented the vacant Demorest building on the corner of Main and E streets and opened up a parlor restaurant and ice cream room.

John L. Kittle, of Mo, died Tuesday, of last week, from an over dose of whiskey and morphine. His voice will no more be heard in Grayling as of yore, advising the democracy to charge upon the republican ranks and achieve an everlasting and overwhelming defeat.

We clip the following paragraph from a paper published in a neighboring town, and it is a conundrum to us:—"Mr. Froet was a former resident of this place and ranked among the most estimably young men. Hoping that the charges will not be so severe as are preferred against him."

VALE!!

Our more or less esteemed contemporary, the *Northern Democrat*, is no more, having breathed its last on Monday, when the property was turned over by sale to Jay Allen, Esq., late of West Branch. Mr. Allen has had experience in the newspaper field, and in a mechanical sense, any change will be for the better, but our democratic friends will be left without an organ in this county, though their fostering care had given the *Democrat* what success it had attained.

Mr. Patterson will devote himself to the duties of the land office and his law practice, remaining a citizen of our village and a leader of his party. The *AVALANCHE* wishes for both all the success they merit.

The reports of the trade reviews for last week are more encouraging than any they have given out since the great depression fell upon the country.

There was shown a marked improvement both in commercial and industrial lines. As a rule prices were better and there was a more active movement in commodities of nearly all kinds, which of course means a more active circulation of money, so much of which has long been idle. While wages have not yet been restored to the old scale there have been advances in quite a number of mills and factories and the demand for labor is gradually increasing.

All these are hopeful signs following the promise made by the people themselves last fall when they went to the polls and called a halt on further legislation inimical to the interests of home enterprise and home labor; when they went to the polls and ordered not only this halt, but the election of a popular house of representatives so overwhelming Republican that the assurance was at once given that the order would be enforced.

Figure it as we will, the popular elections held since the present administration came into power, have, in their results, done more to restore public confidence in the future, unlock hoarded capital and turn the tide in the direction of better times, than any other one cause or than all other causes combined.—*Detroit Journal.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 7, 1895.

EDITOR AVAVALANCHE:

Had Mr. Cleveland tried he could hardly have selected a Secretary of State who would have been more displeasing to the democratic leaders in Congress than Attorney General Olney. Mr. Olney does not lack ability, but the ability he has is not the kind which makes a successful Secretary of State. He is utterly devoid of that spirit of ability in dealing with men which has always been considered a prime necessity in the make-up of a diplomat. He has so conducted the business of the Department of Justice that the average Congressman prefers when he has business with that department to transact it in writing rather than to take the chance of being personally snubbed by Mr. Olney, as his present colleague, Postmaster General Wilson, was, when he was chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and the recognized leader of the democrats in that body. By the way, speaking of Wilson if he had not been Postmaster General he might have been Secretary of State, but since he joined the cabinet he has shown himself to be too much of a narrow gauge man even for Mr. Cleveland, who is certainly far from being broad-minded himself.

There is more or less dissatisfaction among democrats over Mr. Cleveland's method of selecting Attorney General Olney for Secretary of State. Although there are a score of men prominent in democratic councils near enough to Washington to have been called into consultation without delaying the filling of the vacancy or inconveniencing them, no advice was asked of any of them, and about the only democrat outside of the cabinet who has seen Mr. Cleveland was Senator Gray, of Delaware, who is known as a cuckoo, but not as a lead-

The convention of the Republican National League, which will assemble at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 16th inst., is regarded by most republicans as the virtual opening of the Presidential campaign. All reports brought to Washington indicate that the attendance will be large and enthusiastic, including nearly every man who is recognized as one of the national leaders of the party. Ex-President Harrison, Gov. Morton and Chauncey M. Depew have not yet accepted the invitations extended to them, but it is probable that they will. Among those who have accepted invitations and who will attend the convention, barring sickness or accidents, are Ex-Speaker Reed, Gov. McKinley, ex-Gov. Foraker, Gen. Russell A. Alger, Senator Allison, Dubois, Thruston, Carter, Lodge, Nelson, Burrows and Patton. One of the features of the convention will be the mammoth harmony dinner to be given in the evening of the second day. The dinner will be served on the ground floor of the Arcade building, and the tables will be set for 2,000 guests and provided with the best eatables to be obtained. The galleries above the ground floor are half a mile in length and will accommodate more than 5,000 republican men and women who will naturally want to see the greatest harmony dinner ever proposed eaten by the delegates to the convention and their guests. Republicans are not alarmed at democratic predictions of trouble in the convention, because they know that the basis of the predicted trouble—the silver question and the booming of some particular candidate for the Presidential nomination—is composed of matters over which the convention has no legitimate jurisdiction and with which it will not attempt to deal.

Retribution is sometimes almighty slow, but it nearly always gets there just the same. Charles B. Morton, a Maine democrat who was made commissioner of navigation by Mr. Cleveland in his first administration and Auditor of the Treasury for the navy Department early in the present administration as a reward for the scavenger work he performed in the campaign of dirty personal abuse that was waged against the late James G. Blaine in 1884, was this week summarily dismissed from the latter office by Mr. Cleveland, and to make the delayed retribution all the more satisfactory to decent people, Morton was dismissed for exactly the same reason he was given office—for exercising his scavenger proclivities. But he made the mistake of abusing the man who gave him office, this time, and was consequently kicked out of office, greatly to the satisfaction of officers of the Navy, whose accounts it was his duty to pass upon and with whom he has been in a constant wrangle ever since he held the office. May his unlamented fate be a warning to those who try to travel into office over the Sewer route.

Secretary Carlisle is going to Kentucky to make a last attempt to stem the tide of free silver which is apparently sweeping over the democratic party of that state.



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84 inches high. Top may be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving. Case 13 x 13 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols. Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: MARSH MFG CO., CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

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OF OUR FAMOUS
TEAS AND COFFEES,
ONE CHANCE ON A

"Queen of England Sewing Machine."

Warranted for well

Warranted for well

WORTH THIRTY DOLLARS. \$30.

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The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

LOCAL ITEMS.

New Cheese, at Claggett's.

Jacob Kneth, of Grove, was in town early Monday morning.

The Best Coffee for 29 cts at S. H. & Co's.

J. P. Hanna, of Beaver Creek, was in town Saturday.

Fournier serves delicious Ice cream Soda.

Rufus Wilcox, of Center Plains, was in town Saturday.

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. F. Merrill's Harness shop.

H. Head, of South Branch, was in town on Memorial Day.

For California fruit, of all kinds, go to C. Wight's restaurant.

H. Funk and wife of South Branch, were in town Memorial Day.

Sweet Mixed Pickles, at Claggett's.

H. L. Shafer, of Center Plains, was in town last Thursday.

White Rose, at S. H. & Co's. You should try it.

J. M. Francis, of Grove, was in town last Thursday.

Claggett has just received a beautiful line of Summer Vests for Ladies. Very cheap.

J. Staley returned from Chicago, last Thursday morning.

Good goods and low prices is the motto of J. M. Jones.

Henry Mantz was down from Lewiston last week on a business trip.

Large Eggs and fresh Butter, at Claggett's.

Eugene Kendrick has taken a place in Claggett's store.

For Pure Paris Green and Land Plaster see Albert Kraus.

John J. Niederer, of Blaine, was in town Tuesday.

Use Salling Hanson & Co's. White Rose Flour.

Mrs. Mack Taylor went to Bay City, last week, for a short visit.

Go to Fournier's Drug Store for Fishing Tackle of every description.

Elmer Fanble, of Blaine, has gone to Bear Lake, for the summer.

Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, and other farming implements for sale by Albert Kraus.

Miss Mary Mantz came down from Lewiston, Saturday, for a short visit.

Call and see the new goods, at the Shoe store of J. M. Jones.

Henry Stephan, of Grove, was in town last Monday.

Tan colored shoes for everybody, at Claggett's.

The Society of Christian Endeavor, has been re-organized at Lewiston.

The reunion of the Soldiers and Sailors of Northern Michigan, will be held at West Branch, on July 3d, 4th, and 5th.

Mrs. S. C. Briggs and Mrs. H. N. Eggleston, of Pere Cheney, were in town on Memorial Day.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. Wight's restaurant.

Miss Lillian Snively, of Roscommon, was visiting with her sister, Mrs. Richardson, last week.

Kid shoes and Shoes for Kids, at Claggett's.

The thermometer registered 93 in the shade, Sunday, making it one of the warmest days this summer.

Go to the restaurant of C. Wight where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

Jay Allen returned from West Branch last Saturday, accompanied by his young son.

Use Phosphate for your Fats.

Regular convocation of Grayling Chapter, No. 120, R. A. M., next Tuesday evening, at the usual hour.

Beef and the cheapest line of canned goods in the City, at Claggett's.

The Kalkaska Leader has entered upon its eighteenth year of publication.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

Fire on F. R. Deckrow's farm in Maple Forest, caught in his meadow and burned it clean as a prairie.

Fred Raymond, of Saginaw, a former resident here, was in town last week, a guest of his father-in-law, A. E. Newman.

The forest fires burned the white camps Tuesday, and the upper bridge over the AuSable. Young's house was saved by hard work.

Barb Wire and Poultry netting at lowest prices. For sale by Albert Krause.

Mrs. Moses Coles is in Warren, Mich, visiting with friends and relatives.

For a handsome Rod that will make your eyes "bug out," go to L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Mr. Hawes, of Detroit formerly in the office of S. H. & Co., here, came up from that city, last Friday.

The people of Lewiston voted in favor of water works, by a large majority.

House for Rent—Inquire of Mrs. C. W. Smith, one door east of M. E. Church.

Mrs. A. L. Pond is enjoying the pleasure of entertaining a sister and child, of Bay City.

A Can of Oysters FOR 10c, at S. H. & Co.

Mrs. Arthur Brink returned Saturday, from her visit at Flint and Lapeer.

Claggett has struck another big bargain in those \$2.00 shoes. Come and see them before you buy.

H. A. Bauman and wife came down from Lewiston Saturday for a short visit.

A snap in can goods, at the store of S. H. & Co. Pears only 10c per can.

Remember the lawn social at Mrs. Brigham's, this evening. Ice Cream and Cake 5 and 10.

The pathmaster has put down a block cedar-cross walk from the Grayling House to the Post Office.

Split Bamboo Rods, the very best for Trout and Grayling, can be had at Fournier's Drug Store.

Miss Agnes Bates has been engaged by the school board, of Gaylord, to teach another year.

Go to Claggett's for Hosiery. Cheapest, best and largest line in the city.

C. Gregory, of Bay City, went down the river Saturday morning, for a couple of days fishing.

In the Bay City high school graduating class there are 25 girls and only 7 boys.

16 lbs. Bartlett Pears, for 1.00 at S. H. & Co's.

Missess Eva and Viola Stark entertained their brother from Otter Lake, over Sunday.

Buy your goods at Claggett's, and get a Coupon on those books for Children.

The Ladies of the M. E. church will give a social at the parsonage, on Friday evening, June 21st.

Salling Hanson & Co's White Rose Flour is taking the lead. Try it.

The Grayling Browns, B. B. C., will go to Lewiston Saturday, to swipe the nine of that city.

J. M. Jones has just received a fine stock of shoes, etc., for his Spring trade.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kramer, June 11, a daughter, and every body is happy.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

The Grayling Browns, B. B. C., will give a social dance at Larson's hall the 21st.

When you buy a pound of tea at Claggett's, ask for a bar of Toilet Soap. It will cost you nothing for ten days.

M. A. Bates has so long been a fixture at Claggett's, that his customers will miss him for a time.

Claggett has just received a large voice of Percales, Chalies, Satines, Shirtings, Organdies and Dimities. The Finest line in the city and prices right.

We challenge all comers regardless of weight: BEN KRAUS, SEC'y.

List of Letters Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending June 8, '95.

S. McIntyre was loading a vessel with lumber at Cheboygan, last week, for Salling Hanson & Co.

Get my prices on Sash, Doors, Nails, and builder's Hardware, before buying elsewhere. Albert Kraus.

Mrs. G. L. Alexander and Master Fred returned from their southern visit, last Friday.

Detroit White Lead Works, Red Seal paint. Every Gallon Warranted. For sale by Albert Kraus.

Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, of Center Plains, was visiting with her son's family, last week.

New Brick Cheese and Creamy Butter always on hand at S. H. & Co's.

Archie Howes and Chas. Johnson, of Maple Forest, have purchased a new threshing machine and steamer, manufactured at Port Huron, and will attend to all jobs of threshing in short order and on reasonable terms.

Sheriff Chalker went to Pipe Lake, last Saturday, and returned on Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Chalker.

Correct weights given on Claggett's new Computing Scales. No chance for errors as the computing is done on the scales. A wonderful piece of mechanism. Call and see them.

Two Cows FOR SALE—One fresh now, and other about 15th. Enquire of H. L. Shafer, Pere Cheney.

The Choir of the Presbyterian Church has been reorganized and the singing last Sunday was something extra.

Grayling has another Base Ball Club with John Rasmussen, for Manager, and Benj. Krause, as Secretary.

Swearing is now prohibited in Roscommon, on the streets under a penalty of \$5.00 fine or 10 days in the village jail.

The Maccabee Decoration day was observed last Sunday and many of our citizens took the opportunity to go fishing.

J. M. Jones went down the river last week, with Messrs. Westover and Sherer, of Bay City. They returned on Tuesday.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Messrs. Forbes & Bjornson, assisted by Hum and Taylor are fast putting the finishing touches on the Sorenson building.

J. Staley accompanied Messrs. B. Huston and J. Spears, of Vassar, down the AuSable, on a fishing excursion, Tuesday morning.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church, will serve Ice Cream on the lawn, at Mrs. Brigham's this evening.

The pathmaster has put down a block cedar-cross walk from the Grayling House to the Post Office.

The cars run over a bloodied bull, for J. J. Niederer, one day last week, and broke its leg. We suppose it tried to butt the locomotive off the track.

Messrs. Forbes and Bjornson purchased the Sorenson building last week and will complete it for business purposes, at once.

Miss Mary Jorgenson and Masters Oloff and Freddie Michelson returned on Monday, from Illinois where they had been visiting with relatives.

Geo. Cowell met with a painful accident in the village of Grayling, is offered for sale for less than value. A lot 30 x 30 feet in the central part of lots 11 and 12, Block 15; original plat covered by the fine stone building occupied by S. H. Claggett. The dwelling house and Lot 5, Block 8, also the dwelling and Lot 4, Block 15, and the dwelling and Lot 10, Block 15; all of the original Plat of the village of Grayling. This property is all in first class condition, very desirable, and perfectly fit. Liberal terms will be made to purchasers. Inquire of S. H. HEMPTED.

The following described property, in the village of Grayling, is offered for sale for less than value. A lot 30 x 30 feet in the central part of lots 11 and 12, Block 15; original plat covered by the fine stone building occupied by S. H. Claggett. The dwelling house and Lot 5, Block 8, also the dwelling and Lot 4, Block 15, and the dwelling and Lot 10, Block 15; all of the original Plat of the village of Grayling. This property is all in first class condition, very desirable, and perfectly fit. Liberal terms will be made to purchasers. Inquire of S. H. HEMPTED.

The Anniversary meeting of Crawford Tent K, O. T. M., at the Presbyterian Church, last Sunday was largely attended by our citizens as well as by the members of the order. The L. O. T. M. and Marvin Post G. A. R., joined with the Sir Knights in the procession to the church, and to the cemetery where the graves of two Sir Knights were decorated with flowers. In the church was a profusion of flowers and ensigns of the order. The Invocation was made and the scripture lesson read by Rev. S. G. Taylor, and an appropriate discourse delivered by Rev. W. E. McLeod which commanded profound attention. The Maccabees stand deservedly high among fraternal organizations.

A Great Leader. We are pleased to inform you that we have received the sole agency for Otto's Cure, the great throat and lung healer. Otto's Cure is the great leader of all proprietary preparations for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, etc. We will guarantee Otto's Cure to cure you and if you will call at our store we will give you a bottle of this great guaranteed remedy free of charge. Otto's cure instantly relieves croup and whooping cough. Don't delay. Samples free. Large bottles 50c and 25c at L. Fournier's sole agent.

We will send to any address,

Miss Lizzie Mantz is assistant cashier in the Michelson & Hanson Lumber Co's store for a few days.

The water main is laid as far as the M. & H. Co's store, and will be continued to the Lake View House without delay.

I. Rosenthal is going out of the dry good's trade, and makes the people a business offer in his ad. which they should read and consider.

Stan Peterson, Chas. B. Johnson, Mel. Stevenson and Pat Welch wandered into the wilderness the other day and returned laden with fish and long stories. When we beheld these fishes we advised a Press dinner, but in one instance the Press had no influence.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

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Fred Raymond, of Saginaw, a former resident here, was in town last week, a guest of his father-in-law, A. E. Newman.

The forest fires burned the white camps Tuesday, and the upper bridge over the AuSable. Young's house was saved by hard work.

W. B. LYNN, Dentist.
WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Tee-ter.

Hiram Montgomery, of Ogemaw county, lost his life, Monday, June 10, by being buried and smothered with sand, while digging a well.

For Sale Cheap.

A good two story house 28 ft square with all of block 28, in Roffe's addition. For terms enquire of T. C. Cox or D. S. Waldron.

On Wednesday of last week, the home of Alexander La Marre, of Alpena, was destroyed by fire. A three year old child, left in the house by its mother, while she went to church, was burned to a crisp.

Notice.

Members of the United Friends are hereby notified that assessment No. 83 is past due and should be paid at once. By order of, SECRETARY.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 25 acres, well improved, in the suburbs of Chequamegon, Mich., will be sold on reasonable terms. For particulars as to terms, etc. inquire of J. M. Jones, Grayling, Mich.

A Big Surprise.</p

THE WAR IN CHITRAL.

STRANGE COUNTRY INVADED BY THE BRITISH.

The Natives Claim to Be Descendants of Soldiers of Alexander the Great—Cause of Hostilities—Slaughter of Capt. Ross' Troops.

England's Late Troubles.

The military expedition sent to avenge the slaughter of Captain C. R. Ross, of the British army, and forty-six Indian soldiers under his command, by the natives of the Chitral country, and to relieve the fourteen surviving soldiers under Lieutenant Jones, who were taken prisoners, calls attention to a region very little known and which is one of the most inhospitable on the face of the earth. The town of Chitral, from which the district gets its name, is situated on the Kashkar, or Chitral, River, which runs along the southern base of the Hindu-Kooosh Mountains, and is only a short distance southwest



THE CHITRAL VALLEY.

of the Pamirs. It is thus, so to speak, under the eaves of the famous "Roof of the World." The Chitral country extends from the town away to the northeast, and leads to the Baroghi Pass—12,000 feet above the sea—on the other side of which are the sources of the Oxus, and the Pamirs. This pass is over the eastern end of the Hindu-Kooosh, and may be said to be the point where the Himalayan range bends and runs westward through Afghanistan to the Heri Rud, on the frontier of Persia. The Hindu-Kooosh forms the northern



GEN. LOW, OF THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.
boundary of Chitral, Kafiristan is on the west, Panjkora is on the south, and Yasin on the southeast. From the southwest extremity of the territory to the Baroghi Pass is about 140 miles, and in its widest extent it is about fifty miles; but most of the space is composed of mountain peaks too high an altitude for people to dwell in; still, the



THE FORT AT CHITRAL.

population is supposed to be about 200,000. The towns and villages are situated along the valley, close to the banks of the river, which has various names, according to the locality it passes through. In the upper part it is called the Yarkun River; below Chitral it is known as the Kashkar or Chitral River; and before it joins the Kabul River near Jalalabad it is called the Kumar, from the name of a locality it flows through.

What has been referred to as the town of Chitral is in reality six villages and a bridge across the river. The villages in this region are something like those in Afghanistan—they are surrounded by walls and towers, by which is indicated an unsettled state of society, where protection is necessary from neighboring marauders. Ever since the travels of Burnes in Afghanistan, we have been familiar with the tradition of tribes near the Hindu-Kooosh who believe they are the descendants of Alexander the Great's sol-

diers; and the Mahomedans, according to Chitral, have particular claim to this line of descent. The Chitral Valley is at times spoken of as Kashkar, which is its older name. The people are now Mohammedans, but they retain many old rites and customs which were peculiar to the locality. They are supposed to have been at an early period only a branch of the Kafirs, who are still their next-door neighbors. Like the Afghans and other tribes of the region, they are divided into "zais" or "khalls," words equivalent to our own term clans.

The immediate cause of the expedition was the outgrowth of a conflict between two claimants to the office of Mehtar. Amir-ul-Mulk was recently invested with that authority, but his uncle, Imra Khan, ruler of Bajaur, invaded Chitral in behalf of Sher Afzul, who claimed the title as his right. Dr. Robertson, the British Resident at Chitral, was friendly to Amir-ul-Mulk, and Captain Ross was sent to the country by way of Gilgit to protect the Resident. The little company was attacked by a large force of Imra Khan's troops from behind stone breastworks and on

MODEL \$6,000 HOUSE.

Complete Plans and Specifications Should Be Had for Every Building.

A contract for an important building is never made without working plans and detail sheets showing what the form and details of the proposed buildings shall be, and without specifications describing how the work shall be done and the quality of the materials



FRONT ELEVATION.

to be used. For a house of low or moderate cost, however, which should have equally careful attention, the owner is too often content with imperfect drawings and specifications. Sometimes he simply contracts for a duplicate of some other house, not knowing that the contractor can duplicate the appearance without duplicating the value. For every dollar he saves by reason of incomplete drawings and defective specifications, the owner may be deprived of \$10 of value.

Example: If the specifications do not require the sheathing of the structure, why should the contractor spend \$40 for sheathing boards and labor? even admitting that the increased strength and warmth of the building may be worth \$400 to the owner? The sheathing is all covered up anyway. Or, if the specifications do not call for the sheathing boards to be laid close together, why should not the contractor save \$5 worth of boards by leaving wide cracks? Or if the quality of the sheathing paper is not stated, why should he not put on the cheapest, saying \$5, perhaps, though dampness will soon make it

"What's the matter?" in sympathetic tones. The man looked up at him disconsolately, and nodded backward. "Domestic infidelity?" inquired the policeman, who had had experience of this kind before.

"Yes," said the man sorrowfully.

"What's the nature of them?"

"Same old thing."

"What's that?"

"High-tempered wife."

"Is that all?" inquired the officer, showing that he felt himself imposed upon.

"Ain't that enough?" inquired the husband, ruefully.

"Why, that's nothing," said the officer. "High-tempered wives are thick in this neighborhood, and they're really the best kind."

"How?" asked the man with a startedgulp.

"They are good workers, and always industrious and thrifty."

"Is that so?" inquired the man in doubt Thomas tones.

"Of course," continued the officer, "and then they are the neatest women in the world. They won't have it any other way for a minute."

The man eat rubbing his head for some time.

"I wonder," he said at last, in the most plaintively inquiring way, "if that is the reason why she always cleans me out every time I try to make her realize that I am the head of the family?"—Detroit Free Press.

An Early War Correspondent.

In 1856 Dr. W. H. Russell was a barrister, engaged on the staff of the London Times, as a leader writer, a convenient connection with journalism much less common in this country than in England, where most of such work is done out of the office and makes a convenient second string for young professional men who have not yet become established in the more profitable practice of the law. One evening in February he was called to the office of the editor, Mr. Delane, and told that a very agreeable excursion had been arranged, "to go to Malta with the guards." At this time there was no serious thought of war, and Mr. Russell had not the faintest notion that he should ever be a war correspondent. Then came the expedition to Turkey, which even then no one thought would result in serious war. His troubles began here, the general charge of the expedition not being able to see why a newspaper man should be on board. And after he had landed and pitched his tent in a quiet place it was summarily pulled down. The idea of giving a correspondent official recognition was regarded as absurd, and in spite of orders from the Government at home Dr. Russell had great difficulty in gaining a grudging allowance of transportation and rations, without which he could not have remained in the field. Yet in spite of those trials he thinks the correspondents were freer in those days than now, when they are under military censorship, with tickets and badges. Later in the campaign some friends at home sent him a handsome portable cottage, which served, however, to rouse the ire of the officers in charge, who did not relish having a journalist so housed.

Hancock in Bronze.

Baron Prokesh, the Austrian plenipotentiary and president of the Diet, in the early days at Frankfort, was much in the habit of bullying. One evening, when at a large social gathering, Bismarck and Prokesh, surrounded by a brilliant group of diplomats, were discussing a protocol based on certain equivocations. Prokesh said, looking straight at Bismarck: "If that were not true, then I, in the name of my imperial master, should have been guilty of lying." Returning his gaze without a symptom of faltering, "Precisely so, your excellency," slowly said Bismarck. The group, thunderstruck and embarrassed, scarcely knew which way to turn. Prokesh moved away, but later, at the supper-table, he came over to Bismarck with a glass of champagne and "Well, let us make peace." "Assuredly," said Bismarck, "but the protocol must be altered." And it was.

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The New Shoes.

Cinderella, Goody Two Shoes and the Summer Girl alike will be interested in learning that the latest thing in footgear is a brown glace kid with patent brogued fronts which display the foot to particularly good advantage. The shoe is, of course, most suitable for walking. A smarter sort of shoe is of black glace kid with three straps across the instep and patent fronts, the straps beaded and the heels of the Louis XIV. order. There are revivals in shoes in everything else just now. A bridal shoe has a high tab going up the foot and a large paste buckle, the form copied from an old Empire shoe, and the buckle placed higher than usual on the instep. The characteristics of the shoes of Edward III.'s time also appear upon many of the modern boots.—New York Evening Sun.

Twin's Dilemma.

Mark Twain once expressed a desire to attend the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club of correspondents in Washington; but when an invitation was sent him, his regrets were received by return mail. Meeting a member of the club later, he complained that he had been neglected. When informed that an invitation had been sent him and his regrets received, Mr. Clemens

scratched his head, as though in perplexity for a moment, and then said: "Those were Isaac's regrets." "Who is Isaac?" "He's my keeper. He's the man my wife hired to prevent me having any more fun." Mark then explained that Isaac opened all his letters and invitations, wrote answers, which in the case of invitations always consisted of regrets, and then burned them. When asked what is Isaac's other name, the humorist replied, sadly: "I don't know. My wife hired him, and she told me what his name is, but I have forgotten. I call him Isaac, as he is doomed to the fate that nearly befell the favorite son of Abraham. When I get well I intend to cut him up in chunks and burn him on the altar, and I don't care if the angels holler till they get diphtheria!" "Doesn't he ever consult you about the answers to your invitations?" "Never. He always sends my regrets and says I'm sick, and that's going to get me into trouble. I told him so the other day. Said he: 'Isaac, when I die and go to heaven, St. Peter is likely to take up some morning and remind me about those polite falsehoods you're telling in my name, and then I'll have to look all over Tophet for you to prove an alibi!'"

SHE WAS TOO NEAT.

And Her Husband Did Not Appreciate It Under Certain Conditions.

The man on the front doorstep had about him such an air of utter woe and desolation that the passing policeman desisted that the passing policeman So, at the risk of bad form, he spoke to him without an introduction.

"What's the matter?" in sympathetic tones.

The man looked up at him disconsolately, and nodded backward.

"Domestic infidelity?" inquired the policeman, who had had experience of this kind before.

"Yes," said the man sorrowfully.

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Hancock in Bronze.

A statue of General Hancock is to be erected in the autumn in Washington, and the model now stands in the studio of the sculptor, Mr. Ellcott. Mr. Ellcott submitted, over a year ago, his model, in the sketch, to a committee, who at once accepted the work. The contract with the government was for the payment of \$49,000, the sculptor to make the statue and pedestal and to pay the expense of casting in bronze. The pedestal will be of granite and stand about nineteen feet high. The height from the ground to the top of the rider's head is to be twenty-six inches and ten inches.

The model, as it now stands, is about life-size and rests on a circular platform which revolves on wheels, so that it can be easily moved. The clay is a grayish hue, something like light metal itself, and to glance at it hastily one might imagine that the casting had already been done. The surface is

slightly roughened, but it polished it would gleam like metal.

Just as the model now stands, the finished statue will look when completed. Plaster will be put over the figure as it now is, and when hardened will be removed in sections and thus a mold of the whole will be had. This mold will be taken to the Gorham Manufacturing Company, at Providence, R. I., where the castings will be made.

Only Way to Escape Microbes.

Parent—Why do you advise against my boy Willie using a slate and pencil in school?

Dabster in Science—Because they are covered with deadly microbes, that would undoubtedly kill your boy if he lived long enough.

Parent (much impressed)—Then I suppose I had better get him a pen!

Dabster in Science—My dear sir, do you want to commit deliberate murder? There are millions of bacilli in every page of paper made.

Parent (anxiously)—Well, how will he do his sums then? In his mind?

Dabster in Science—Worse yet. It has been found that abstract introspection thought over imaginary problems stimulates the growth of lethal bacteria in the brain cells. If you want your Willie to live, you had better keep him in a room sprayed with antiseptic vapor.—New York Tribune.

Ivory.

As the supply of ivory is becoming

short, billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

Rate!

In 1544 the cold was so severe in Holland that wine was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

A woman can always trump up a good excuse for going down town.

Astonishing Presumption.

Prince John Van Buren was once before a jury as opponent to Daniel Lord Junior—as his name was invariably spoken and written. In the course of his address, Mr. Lord told the jury that "only a miracle or divine interposition could prevent on the facts a verdict for my client." "Divine interposition! forsooth!" ironically exclaimed Mr. Van Buren in reply, "does the gentleman use the Junior after his name boastfully as being closely related to the Senior Lord of the universe?"

Mattress.

Pneumatic matting, for use under stair carpets, is a recent invention. It saves the carpet, and reduces the noise made in ascending or descending the stairs.

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short, billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

Rebuilding of Jerusalem.

Jews form a very considerable part of the small population of Jerusalem, but they are not of the most valuable class of Jews. The city contains only 28,000 inhabitants. The building of the city, what there is of it, has been done by the French and Germans.

New Candle.

A new candle has been brought out

which extinguishes itself in an hour. This it does by means

BLOSSOM TIME.

On the sweet world of the blossoms,
When the blithe winds to and fro
Rock the softy tilted cradles
Where the fruited orchards grow,
All the breezes wafting perfume
Over wide fields of drifting snow.

Snow of summer and of flowers,
Not the flakes of featherly chill
Once that filled the sleeping hollows,
Bounded out each watching hill;
Snow of summer and of flowers,
Acre of it, where you will.

Hidden deep among the petals,
Even from eyes that love her best,
Many a patient little mother
Broods beneath her beating breast
Wings and songs that wait their rapture
When they flutter from the nest.

Oh! the white world of the blossoms,
Where the sweet winds to and fro
Softly, softly, rock the cradles
Swinging high, and swinging low,
Cradles of the fruited orchards
In the blossoms' tinted snow.

—Harper's Bazaar.

The Governor's Pardon.

BY E. M. GILMER.

It was at the Southern Club, and it was growing late. The crowd of habitues had long since scattered to their evening's diversion. Only in the smoking room a little group had gathered closer and closer about the open fire, in a comradeship that seemed to shut out the rest of the world.

There was Major Overington, with his long legs stretched out on the hearth, and young Carrington and one or two others, while over against the corner of the mantel sat the colonel, with his leonine old head thrown back against the tall, carved back of his chair. The room was blue and fragrant with tobacco smoke, and it was that witching hour when conventionality is a thing forgotten and men speak from their souls with an abandon they vaguely wonder at the next morning; but notwithstanding all this it had been a rather silent group about the club room fire, and after a bit someone said something about going home.

"Oh, don't!" said young Carrington, flippantly, taking his eyes off the colonel's face, where they had rested for the last few minutes. "Oh, don't! It's never late till morning, and then it's early. Besides, the colonel has something to tell us."

The colonel stirred a little in his chair as if he roused himself, and then he turned to Major Overington.

"Major," he said, "I've been home down South."

"I went back to the little town near which I was raised, and I walked about feeling every change in it. They'd got a fine new government building for a postoffice and I went and stood on the steps, trying to locate old landmarks, but it was all cruelly new—people and places. By and by an old colored man, one of the polite, old fashioned body servants—you know, major—came up with his hat in his hand and said: 'Mornin', master.' 'Howdy, uncle,' I said, and he asked: 'Master, kin you tell me whar' bout's I kin find de ole gin'r?'

"General who?" I inquired. "Ole Gin'r Deliv'r," he answered. "My son sent me word he write me a letter, an' for me jess to come to de pos' office an' axe de ole gin'r for hit." I unraveled the mystery of the postal system for him, and when he got his letter and stowed it away in the lining of his hat, something in the expression or action struck me with a sudden familiarity, and I said:

"Uncle Ike, don't you remember Dick Buckner? He looked at me a moment, and then he seized me in an embrace that lifted me off the pavement. 'Marse Dick!' he said. 'I'clar' fo' gracious I jes didn't know you in yo' sto' close!'

"I took the old man back to the hotel with me, and we spent the day talking over old times, and—but I beg your pardon," said the colonel, breaking off abruptly, "personal reminiscences are always a bore."

"Go on," said the major; "when people have reached our ages, they are entitled to their reminiscences."

There was evidently a story in the colonel's mind that he needed little urging to tell, but he gave a deprecating little wave of his hand as he continued:

"I was just remembering Uncle Ike's story about his young master," he said. "It was something so fine and dramatic in its way, we should say it was touched up if we saw it in print, but I knew all about it in its beginnings."

"You see, old Ike's young master and I were boys together, plantations joined, and we were inseparable. We went to school together, hunted and fished together, were beaten for the same juvenile offenses, and when the war came along we fought it out side by side. I don't think," said the Colonel, slowly, "the good God ever made a finer man than Billy Bayham—handsome, clever, brave, loyal he was one of the men who capture your fancy by their charms and hold you by their real worth. There was a fire and vim and enthusiasm about him that carried everything before them. Gentle and affectionate as a woman, too, but under all his airy sweetness of manner and geniality was an iron will and determination, and once rouse his hatred, he was impulsive in his dislike."

"It goes without saying that such a fellow as he should have a love affair, and should love with all the passionate fervor of his nature. What is it, Carrington, you heard less young cynics quote from the French? 'In love, one loves, the other consents to be loved'—and Billy loved. It began when they were children, and I think none of us ever thought of anything but Billy and Diana Worthington marrying. You see, he was altogether unexpected as a match, independent of his infatuation for her, and boy or man, he never had eyes for any one else. She was the one woman in the world for him, and she held his heart in the palm of her little hand."

"None of us thought the loss of her that she was a bit of a coquette and had a hundred men following af-

ter her—least of all did Billy. He was too loyal to be jealous, too honorable and chivalrous to believe the woman he loved could stoop to deceit; for the rest, who could see her and not admire? And she was his, he was so secure, so exultant—

"Then the war came on, and Billy and I and the rest of my world and yours, major, went out to fight for the South.

"It is not easy always to hear lovers' raptures in patience," said the colonel, after a pause; "but if I hadn't—poor Billy! The thought of Diana's love and welcome cheered and brightened for him those four long, awful years of bitter trial and sore defeat, and when, after Lee's surrender, we turned our faces homeward, the joy of seeing her again swallowed up all trouble in it.

"I remember as if it were yesterday how we came home." The narrator's voice trembled, and the major instinctively reached out his hand toward him. "I remember how it all looked—the familiar scene that the desolation of war had touched and shriveled with its curse—the untiled fields, the broken fences, the ruined houses. We rode along with bowed heads and heavy hearts, two wearied, gaunt, ragged soldiers of a lost cause, when suddenly our horses shied, and coming toward us, down a shady pathway, was Diana Worthington. I looked at Billy, at his transfigured face, and then I turned my back. It is not good for one man to look on the unveiled soul of another."

"Diana, Diana!" I heard him cry as he threw himself off his horse and at her feet, and then he caught her hands and held them against his ragged gray jacket as if he would still the tumult of his beating heart.

"Oh, Billy," she answered, with the light laugh I remembered so well of old. "Oh, Billy, haven't you learned any self control in all these years? You must forget I am married."

"Married?" he cried, and reeled and would have fallen, but I caught him.

"Why, yes," she said; "to Mr. Appleby. Haven't you heard it?"

And she laughed again as if she did not know every word she had said.

You know, said the colonel softly, "that when a man gets his death wound sometimes he stands still and straight for a moment, unconscious even of the pain. It was that way with Billy. He straightened himself, as I've seen him do when we charged the enemy, but his voice never raised itself above a whisper. He compeled her eyes to meet his.

"I swear by the love and truth you have murdered in me," he said, "you shall answer to me yet for this. Tell your husband that; and when the day comes I will show as little mercy as you have shown me. Go!" And he pointed sternly to the woodland path she had come. "Go; you dishonest, un honest man with your presence."

"She shrank away from him, from his haggard face and accusing eyes, and when she had gone I turned to him with—God knows what words of impotent sympathy—but before the misery in his face, pity itself was dumb. Betrayed, forsaken by the woman he worshipped—what was there to say?

"He waved his hand to me in farewell, and struck off into a bridlepath that led to his ruined home, and the very night seemed to close in around him in added darkness as he went forth on his lonely and despairing way.

"Of course we soon knew the particulars of Diana Worthington's marriage. The Bayham estate, like many another in the South, was swallowed up in the maelstrom of war. Old Mr. Bayham had speculated in Confederate money, failed, of course, died; and when Billy came home he was absolutely penniless. Diana had no notion of wasting her charms on an impecunious husband, and a wealthy man coming along, she married him. It was all very commonplace and unromantic, and—useful, you see. I knew Billy.

"Well, I came on here to try to retrieve my own fortunes, which were bad enough, God knows, and I rather lost sight of Bayham. Of course I knew he studied law, and after a while was elected Governor, but I didn't know much else until the other day when I met Uncle Ike, his old body servant, as I was telling you.

"It seems that of the slaves and possessions that had once been Bayham's, all were gone; he had absolutely nothing with which to start his unequal fight against fate, except his iron will and determination to succeed. He stayed for a few days in the old home, gathering himself together after the blow Diana had given him, and then one morning he called Uncle Ike and his wife into the house and explained to them his plan. He was going into the county town to study law. The old man protested against it, saying he would starve, and indeed the chances looked very flattering for it. But Judy—his wife—who had carried Billy on her tender black breast when he was a baby, encouraged him in it. So he went. And, by Jove!" said the colonel, with his face alight with enthusiasm, "that old colored man told me the story as simply, and with no more idea of the fine part he and his wife had in it than a child. He said Bayham went to the county town and hired a couple of poor rooms, and put every cent he had in books, and foraged for himself—cooking miserable messes on a rusty grate."

"He went hungry many a time," said the old man; "an' he would a been hangin' oftener still if it hadn't been for Judy. You know she promised ole Miss she gwine to take kier Marse Billy when he's a baby, an' she says she gwine to do it; so she tak' an' hire herself out, an' evry week she go in de town an' take Marse Billy a basket full of snack. You know she jes' fairly scrimp herself an' me to feed him." The old fellow chuckled to himself, and then he added: "Maybe you tink Marse Billy's done forgot dat time! Maybe you tink Judy ain't got a silk dress lak a lady, an' money in her purse—but you know the Bayhams."

"Well, of course it was a foregone conclusion that Billy would succeed. Law clients came to him; then he went into politics and was elected Governor. When he received the nomination for re-election, prom-

ised among those who opposed him was the man who had married Diana Worthington—Appleby. He even went so far as to take the stump against him, and at one place, when Tom Mason, one of Billy's ardent friends, and he were pitted against each other indulged in some personalities, and Appleby so far lost his temper as to make some threats against Mason. I suppose it didn't amount to anything, though Appleby was bitterly disliked by his neighbors; but toward morning Tom's horse strayed into the town rideless and covered with blood, and they found Tom in a lonely part of a sequestered road—murdered—shot in the back. Appleby had been seen to enter that road soon after Tom. Some colored men had heard a shot fired as they went home from work.

A dozen witnesses testified to his threat—you know how the links in a chain of circumstantial evidence tighten and tighten about the victim's neck; and the result was, Appleby was tried and convicted of the murder of Tom Mason, and sentenced to be hanged.

Appleby was cordially disliked by his neighbors, but after the sentence was passed and the day of execution drawing near there was a sort of reaction in public feeling; that maudlin sentiment," interposed the colonel, testily, "that prompts us to try to save the sinner from the consequences of his sin. You don't like to have your acquaintances in the stripes even if you don't fancy them, and people were sorry for his wife and children, and the result was a petition was gotten up, asking for executive clemency, and Diana took it herself to Billy. They say he read it through, as she stood cowering before him, and then looked at her with those stern, accusing eyes of his. The murdered man was my friend," he said, "and his blood cries to me for vengeance. If the slayer were my brother I would give him up to justice. Go; this is not the first man your husband has killed. Years ago you two murdered all that was good in me." So he turned her from his door.

"No other effort was made to save him. People who knew Billy's impartial justice knew how futile all further endeavor would be, and so the days rolled on until the execution was only a couple of days off. Then, suddenly, one night, one of the men who had testified to hearing the shot fired, and to having seen the two men enter the woods, sent for Uncle Ike and confessed he had had an old grudge against Appleby, and had been lying in wait for him, knowing he would pass that way, and hearing a horseman coming he had fired and fled, only to find, to his horror, next day, that he had killed Tom Mason instead of his enemy. Afterward, when suspicion pointed toward Appleby, he had gladly shielded himself behind it. Now he was dying, and dared not go into eternity with the secret on his soul.

"I wuz in an' about skeerd to death," said the old man when he told me this, "but I known somethin' mus' be done to keep Marse Billy from hangin'" that man, so I went home an' retch down my coat of de wall; an' Judy, she saddle Ma'y Jane—she's my mule—an' I put off to find Marse Billy. All dat night I rid, an' de nex' day till' bout dark till I come to de capitol an' see de light in de window, an' deh set Marse Billy. I cross up right clost to de man an' lookin' in, an' I see that he looked kinder ole an' wore an' mighty broke, an' I membered dat I hain't never seen de light in his eyes nor de smile on his face since Miss Di marry Mr. Appleby—not once; an' I known cause she done dat no woman would ever rest her tired head on her breast, an' no little children ever play about his feet—an' then I thought bout what I come for, an' I clar' to God, Marse Dick, I wuz skeerd' to go in. By an' by a clock somewhere struck, an' I membered dere wa'n't no time to waste, an' I pushed open de door and went in.

So long then, as the officer of the deck sees no lights, he feels sure that there are no vessels near him, and paces his watch in security.

WHAT THE LIGHTS TELL.

Signals of Ships at Night, and What They Mean.

A railroad train cannot turn to the right or left at will, for it is bound by the iron tracks to go the way they lead, and the trains coming toward it are guided in another set of tracks to pass safely by. Therefore, the engineer may rush his train along over the guiding tracks, through the brightness of day or the darkness of night, with no fear save for the most unforeseen and infrequent accidents. On the sea, however, a ship can go whichever way she is turned, and other ships may meet her coming from any direction. The broad ocean, then, may be looked upon as covered with an enormous network of tracks crossing one another in all directions, where a ship may be switched from one track to another at will. In the daytime ships can be seen from each other, and be turned aside to pass in safety; for not only can they be seen, but the direction in which they are going is known. Still, even in the daytime certain rules must be followed to insure perfect safety.

"The savagery of the bridge of a big ship, it is really a bridge, you know, high above the deck, extending from side to side near the bow, and projecting a little beyond the sides so that from each end a man can see straight ahead without rigging or masts to interfere. It is night, and very dark. Even the ship is only a long, dark shadow under your feet. Over the sky may be a pale of cloud, and you peer away into the darkness, but cannot even tell where sea and sky come together. All inky blackness above and below. Spreading outward from the bow of the ship is a foaming, phosphorescent wave, which tells how rapidly she is rushing onward over the unseen waters, and into the dangers of the impenetrable gloom. In the middle of the bridge stands a man holding a wheel and gazing at a compass lit up by a little lamp. With that wheel he turns the rudder to keep the ship steadily pointed in the same direction by the compass. That direction is her track. Other ships may be crossing that track in the darkness. How are they to be avoided?

On each side of the bridge stands a man peering continually into the gloom ahead, while back and forth, almost incessantly, paces a fourth man, an officer, who, like the others, is continually gazing ahead or glancing at the compass. He is the officer of the deck. On him rests the responsibility of avoiding all other vessels which may cross his vessel's track or be approaching her upon it. Upon his quickness and judgment depends the safety of the ship. In the daytime he has seen one, two, or perhaps a dozen ships around him during a single hour, and he well knows that just as many may be around him during any hour of the night. How, then, is he to know where they are, and how to keep out of their way?

Their lights will tell. When you face towards the ship's bow the side at your right hand is called the starboard side, and the side at your left hand is called the port side. On her starboard side a ship carries at night a green light, and it is so shut in by two sides of a boat that it cannot be seen from the port side or from behind. On her port side she carries a red light, and it is so shut in that it cannot be seen from the starboard side or from behind. If the ship is a steamship she carries a big white light at her foremast-head, but if she is a sailing vessel she does not. This white masthead light can be seen from all round except from behind.

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THE TARANTULA'S ENEMY.

A Wasp That Never Fails to Kill the Deadly Insect.

Notwithstanding all the tarantula's great courage and pugnacity, there is one enemy of whose coming throws it into paroxysms of fear.

This enemy of which it has such an instinctive dread is a large wasp known as the "Tarantula-killer." It has a bright blue body nearly two inches long and wings of a golden hue. As it flies here and there in the sunlight, glittering like a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite boulder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings. No sooner does the tarantula hear this than he trembles with fear, for well he knows the fate in store for him when once his mortal foe perceives his whereabouts. This it soon does, and hastens to the attack.

At first it is content with flying in circles over its intended victim. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer. At last, when it is within a few inches, the tarantula rises upon its hind legs and attempts to grapple with its foe, but without success. Like a flash the giant wasp is on its back. The deadly fangs have been avoided. The next instant a deep sting penetrates deep into the spider's body. Its struggles helpless like a drunken man, first to one side, then to the other. These symptoms, however, are only of short duration. While they last the wasp, but a few inches away, awaits the result; nor does it have to wait long. A few seconds and all sign of life has disappeared from the tarantula; the once powerful legs curl up beneath its body, and it rolls over dead.

Then takes place one of those strange incidents which illustrate the perfect adaptation to circumstances, everywhere so remarkable. In the economy of the insect world, the wasp seizes hold of the now prostrate spider, and with little apparent effort drags it to a hole in the ground. Therein it completely buries it with earth, after having first deposited in its back an egg, which in course of time changes into a grub, and lives upon the carcass upon which it was born. This grub in a short while

becomes another tarantula wasp, thus adding one more to the ranks of the enemy of the spider race.

The amount of slaughter which these large wasps inflict upon the tarantulas is almost incredible, and it is noticed that those to which the greatest destruction is due are the females. It can only be realized when it is known that though the female deposits but one egg in each spider, she has a large number of thirty eggs, one of which she provides with a home, and its grub with future sustenance at the expense of the life of a spider. From the powerful character of the tarantula wasp's sting it may be inferred that they are dangerous to human beings. But this is not so. It never annoys them unless teased. Without a doubt it is man's friend, not his enemy, and much would dwellers in Mexico regret its absence were it destroyed.

Skin Dressing by Women.

In her tanning and skin dressing work the savage woman's problem was to remove the dermis from the hide, and leave the hair adhering to the epidermis, with only a thin proportion of the true skin. If the work were creditably done the surface of the robe, frequently more than thirty square feet in extent, had to be uniform in thickness throughout, and she should not cut through the epidermis once. The whole must be as pliable, too, as a woolen blanket; the problem was to reduce a hide of various thicknesses and twice as thick everywhere to a robe of uniform thickness throughout without once cutting through the outer part of the skin. Her tools for this varied with the locality. The Eskimo women scrape off the fat with a special tool made of walrus, ivory or bone and scrape down the dermis with a stone scraper. The Indian women cut off bits of meat and fat and remove the dermis with a hoe or adze.

In the good old days of savagery the Eskimo woman made her fat scrapes of walrus ivory or antler; her skin scrapes was of flinty stone set in a handle of ivory, wood, or horn, whichever material was easiest to procure. Over the sky may be a pale of cloud, and you peer away into the darkness, but cannot even tell where sea and sky come together. All inky blackness above and below. Spreading outward from the bow of the ship is a foaming, phosphorescent wave, which tells how rapidly she is rushing onward over the unseen waters, and into the dangers of the impenetrable gloom. In the middle of the bridge stands a man holding a wheel and gazing at a compass lit up by a little lamp. With that wheel he turns the rudder to keep the ship steadily pointed in the same direction by the compass. That direction is her track. Other ships may be crossing that track in the darkness. How are they to be avoided?

The illiteracy of Portugal is something of which any European nation should be ashamed. It is doubtful whether Morocco would make a worse showing, were one able to take a census of the Moors. Certainly most Oriental countries would present a creditable record in comparison with Portugal. China and Japan, it is probable, have a smaller percentage of illiterates than most European countries.

A peculiar fact was lately pointed out by the President of the Manchester, England, Geographical Society, namely, that although much has been